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BACON'S "HISTOIRE NATURELLE." (PARIS, 1631).

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I N BACONIANA for April, 1906, and again in my little book, "Bacon's Secret Disclosed,"* I directed attention to Bacon's "Histoire Naturelle," published in Paris in 1631, and to which was prefixed a Life of Bacon, the first to be published, and a life that long antedated the Life published by Rawley in 1657. Both the Life and the "Histoire" itself are full of interesting information about Bacon—information that, though published near 300 years ago, is new to the various English writers upon Bacon, and was quite unknown to the English compilers of his Life. It is strange how much the French side of Bacon's life—as we may call it—and of his writings, too, have been neglected and ignored in England. Spedding apparently knew nothing of the "Histoire Naturelle," never mentions it, and never quotes from it. But, as I think I can show, it was a book that had great authority and weight with the Bacon party of the period when it was written, and

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books," by Granville C. Cuningham. London: Gay and Hancock, Ltd.; 1911.

its statements received respectful attention. It is the more important to bear this in mind when we remember how these statements differed from those generally accepted in regard to Bacon, and how facts were established by this book that are not alluded to in Rawley's "Life of Bacon." And the neglect from which this "Histoire Naturelle" has suffered in England is less easy to understand when we find on examination how frequently it was alluded to, and even quoted from, by important Baconians during the seventeenth century. Seeing that it is thus used by them, and mention of it made in various books, one cannot but be astonished that those in England who have studied and written upon Bacon should have passed over this book in silence. I think the first English writer to draw attention to it in modern times was the late Rev. Walter Begley in his "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," published in 1905. But he deals largely with the literary aspect of the work, and his notice of the "Life" is not altogether satisfactory.

The "Histoire Naturelle" was, as I said before, published in Paris in 1631. It had been before the public nine years when, in 1640, Gilbert Wats brought out his translation into English of Bacon's Nine Books of the "Advancement and Proficiency of Learning," being a translation of the "De Augmentis," published in Latin in London in 1623. This was one of the most important of Bacon's works. In the prefatory pages Wats quotes from the "Histoire Naturelle" and speaks of the "just and elegant discourse upon the Life of our Author." He also quotes with appreciation from the Advertisement to the Reader in the "Histoire Naturelle," though, as I have shown in my book before mentioned, he garbles the quotation in a manner that is highly curious.

The next notice of the "Histoire Naturelle" that I

am acquainted with—and which I have only recently dropped upon—is contained in the Latin translation of Bacon's "*Sylva Sylvarum*," made by James Gruter and published at Leyden in 1648. In this book—a neat little 12mo volume—there are the usual Dedication, Address to the Reader, Preface by Rawley (translation), etc. But there is a second little address to the reader that deals with the "*Histoire Naturelle*"; it is, of course, in Latin, and I will give a translation of it:—

"To the Reader

Greeting.

"I have come across formerly a French book, of which the title is '*Histoire Naturelle de M. Francois Bacon*.' And because I remember in the preface of this book there is something that is not foreign to the present occasion, I wish to present this to the Judicious Reader. Therefore it is here in French, afterwards translated into Latin:—

"Je seray bien aise aussi que le Lecteur soit averty qu'en cette traduction je n'ay pas suivy punctuellement l'ordre observè dedans l'original Anglois, pour avoir trouvé trop de confusion en la disposition des matieres, qui semblent avoir esté dispersées en plusieurs endroits, plustost par caprice que par raison. Outre qu'ayant esté aidè de la plupart des manuscrits de l'Auteur, j'ay jugé necessaire d'y adjouster ou diminuer beaucoup de choses qui avoient esté obmises ou augmentees par l'ausmonier de Monsieur Bacon, qui apres la mort de son Maistre fit imprimer confusement tous les papiers qu'il trouva dans son Cabinet. Je dis cecy, a fin que ceux qui entendent la langue Angloise ne m'accusent point d'infidelité, quand ils recontreront de dans ma version beaucoup de choses qu'ils ne trouveront pas dedans l'original."

Gruter then gives the Latin translation of the above

French. All the foregoing is the concluding passage of the "Advertisement au Lecteur" of the "Histoire Naturelle," and is thus translated in my book, "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 47 :—

"I shall be pleased also if the Reader will take notice that in this translation I have not exactly followed the order observed in the original English, for I have found so much confusion in the disposition of the matter that it seemed to have been broken up and dispersed rather by caprice than by reason. Besides having been aided for the most part by the Manuscripts of the Author, I have deemed it necessary to add to or to take from many of the things that have been omitted or augmented by the Chaplain of Mr. Bacon, who, after the death of his Master, printed in a confused manner all the papers that he found in his Cabinet. I say this so that those who understand English will not accuse me of inaccuracy when they encounter in my translation many things that they do not find in the original."

I am sure that anyone, thinking over these foregoing extracts, will have difficulty in understanding Gruter's motive in giving them. All that he says on the subject is contained in the short "Address to the Reader" that I have translated from his Latin. He does not explain why he has selected this particular passage for quotation, that is so little complimentary to Rawley, and seems besides to throw doubt upon the correctness of the "Sylva Sylvarum"—the very book whose translation he is presenting to the public. One cannot help asking, What did Gruter think of Rawley in this connection? Did he really think that the Author of the "Histoire Naturelle" was more to be relied on than Rawley, and, if so, why did he translate the "Sylva Sylvarum" (which was brought out by Rawley in 1627, just after Bacon's death) rather than the "Histoire Naturelle"? If his object was simply to draw atten-

tion to the "Histoire Naturelle" and get people to read it, it was not necessary to select for quotation a passage so disrespectful to Rawley and so uncomplimentary to the "Sylva Sylvarum." There are many passages that he might have selected for quotation that would have been interesting and instructive, and quite as surely drawn attention to the book, as, *e.g.*, the passage that describes Bacon's house near London where he carried on his experiments and had an infinite number of vases and phials, some filled with distilled waters, others with plants and metals in their native state *—a passage that was so garbled in the quotation by Gilbert Wats in the prefatory matter to the "Advancement of Learning," 1640. Gruter, however, will have none of this, but simply quotes, without modification, explanation or apology, the somewhat pert and contemptuous remarks about Rawley and his production of the "Sylva Sylvarum" that the producer of the "Histoire Naturelle" has seen fit to make. One would think that that little preface of Gruter's must have made somewhat of a stir in the literary circles of the day, and especially among the Bacon adherents. What did they say about these barbed arrows shot at Rawley, the trusted and revered chaplain of the great Bacon?

We are unable to tell now the extent of the talk and letter-writing that went on among the *litterati* over this matter, but we are fortunate in having had preserved to us two letters written to Rawley by Isaac Gruter (the brother of James) that deal with the book and his brother's Preface in an illuminating way. These letters were written in 1652 and 1655, but were not given to the public until 1679, when they appeared in *BACONIANA*,†

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 47.

† "Baconiana, or Certain Genuine Remains of Sr. Francis Bacon, &c. . . . London. Printed by J. D. for Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1679."

that came out in that year. I presume they must have been found among Rawley's papers (he died in 1667, æt. 79) and given to the Editor of *BACONIANA* for publication.

The first of these letters is dated 29th May, 1652. It begins by apologising to Rawley for the delay in answering his letter, but this delay was caused by the death of his (Gruter's) brother James (in 1651), "to whom we owe the Latine translation of the 'Lord Bacon's Natural History,'" and to his having to settle his affairs. After a few preliminary polite remarks, he takes up the question of the "Histoire Naturelle" in the following way:—

"The Design of him, who translated into French the Natural History of the Lord Bacon (of which I gave account in my former letters*) is briefly exhibited in my brother's preface, which I desire you to peruse: as also, in your next letter, to send me your Judgment concerning such Errors as may have been committed by him."

"That Edition of my Brother's, of which you write, that you read it with a great deal of Pleasure, shall shortly be set forth with his Amendments, together with some Additions of the like Argument to be substituted in the place of the New Atlantis, which shall be there omitted. These Additions will be the same with those in the Version of the forementioned Frenchman, put into Latine; seeing we could not find the English Originals from which he translates them: Unless you, when you see the Book, shall condemn those Additions as adulterate."

This is all that Gruter says bearing upon the "Histoire Naturelle"; the rest of the letter is devoted to other literary matters. But here I think we have

* I do not know that these letters are anywhere extant. They would be most interesting.

something to "chew upon." It seems a somewhat exaggerated description of his brother's preface to say that it exhibits "the Design" of him who translated into French the "Natural History of the Lord Bacon," for in the very few lines James Gruter devoted to the subject there was no attempt to exhibit any design, and, to say the least, one cannot but be surprised at Gruter's complete indifference to Rawley's feelings in advising him—without any softening note of apology—to peruse brother James' preface, with the contemptuous allusions to Rawley contained in the quotations. Gruter seems afterwards to have become aware of the cavalier way he had treated Rawley on this occasion, for in a subsequent letter that I will bring forward he seems to make a clumsy attempt at making amends. Perhaps Rawley wrote plainly saying he did not like being spoken about in this way, but unfortunately we have not got Rawley's letter.

And yet in the very next paragraph of the letter now under consideration Gruter alludes to the fact that Rawley had said that he had read James Gruter's Edition—and he could not have omitted the Preface, one would think—"with a great deal of pleasure." Truly Gruter and Rawley seem desirous of confusing things.

Gruter then goes on to speak of the second edition that he will bring out (and which he did bring out) of his brother's book, and that he will put in additions from the French book—"seeing we could not find the English originals from which he translates them"—unless Rawley, when he sees the book, shall condemn the additions as adulterate. From all this it appears that Gruter has complete confidence in "the Frenchman"—whoever he may be—and apparently his identity is unknown to Gruter. Also the English originals are unknown to Gruter, and apparently to everyone else.

I point out in my book* that there is no known English original of the "Histoire Naturelle." For my own part, I strongly suspect that it was written in French by Bacon, but that is branching off into a big discussion. However that may be, Gruter, in writing to Rawley, is content to leave it as unknown, and there is no hint in any subsequent letter of Gruter's that Rawley gave any information on the subject.

I think the observation that occurs to one in reading this letter of Gruter's is the complete confidence that he shows in "the Frenchman" and his work. There is no cavil or doubt expressed or implied, and the last clause about Rawley possibly condemning the additions as adulterate appears to be rather a polite deference to Rawley as the recognised repository of Bacon's MS. and works than as expressing doubt in "the Frenchman." This should be noted, for the tone of the next letter differs from this.

The next letter from Isaac Gruter to Rawley (also published in BACONIANA, 1679) is dated March 20th, 1655 (new style), nearly three years after the letter above discussed. Correspondence was carried on in a leisurely style in those days.

He first speaks of the slowness of Rawley's answer ; then he mentions his design of setting forth in one volume all the Lord Bacon's works ; then he speaks of the French interpreter "who patched together his things I know not whence" ; and a marginal note tells us that this refers to certain spurious papers added to the translation of the "Advancement of Learning." He then goes on to say :—

"But yet I hope to obtain your leave to publish apart, as an Appendix to the Natural History, that Exotick Work, gathered together from this and the other place (of his Lordship's writings) and by me

* "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 48.

translated into Latine. For seeing the genuine Pieces of the Lord Bacon are already extant, and in many Hands, it is necessary that the foreign Reader be given to understand of what Threds the Texture of that Book consists, and how much of Truth there is in that which that shameless person does, in his Preface to the Reader, so stupidly write of you."

"My Brother, of blessed Memory, turn'd his words into Latine, in the first Edition of the Natural History, having some suspicion of the Fidelity of an unknown Author. I will in the second Edition, repeat them, and with just severity animadvert upon them: That they into whose hands that Work comes, may know it to be supposititious, or rather patched up of many distinct Pieces: how much soever the Author bears himself upon the specious Title of Verulam."

The first paragraph of the above quotation is not easy to understand. "That Exotick Work" seems to mean the "Histoire Naturelle" that we are considering, but when was this translated into Latin by Gautier? He speaks of it as though there were by him a translation extant and to be had; but is anything known of this? If it can be obtained it would be interesting to read and to see if Gruter has contributed any preface or remarks of his own. It is amusing to see in the end of this paragraph that "the Frenchman" of whom Gruter wrote in his former letter, and whose "additions" were going to be "put into Latine," is now spoken of as that "shameless person" who "so stupidly writes of" Rawley. It is very evident, I think, that Gruter is trying to smooth things down with Rawley, who, we may reasonably assume, had resented the manner in which "the Frenchman" had spoken of him, and the manner in which James Gruter had quoted the Frenchman's contemptuous words. Gruter, in his desire to make

things right for Rawley, goes even further in the above letter, and promises that in the second edition of his brother's book which he is going to bring out, he will repeat the objectionable words, "and with just severity animadvert upon them." He brought out the second edition in 1661, and so we have a chance of seeing how this promise was carried out. He had worked up a fine show of indignation for this letter of his, and if he could only get the feeling to last, there might be a grand slashing and flaying and pounding of "the Frenchman" in superfine "Latine" in the second edition.

But before this event happened, and after the above letter was written, there occurred something of considerable importance in the world of letters, and particularly in the Bacon province of that world. In 1657 Rawley brought out the "Resuscitatio, or bringing into Publick Light several Pieces of the Works . . . of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon," etc., etc. This contained the well-known "Life of Bacon" written by Rawley—the first "Life" of him in English to appear, though thirty-one years had elapsed since Bacon's death. Certainly Rawley had been in no precipitate hurry to give the world an account of his great master, Francis Bacon, "the Glory of his Age and Nation" as he justly calls him, and had been much more leisurely than his French admirers, who brought out his "Life" prefixed to the "Histoire Naturelle" in 1631. But late though it was in coming, here was "the Life" at last. There was also prefixed to the book the usual "Address to the Reader."

Now here was an opportunity, if ever one came to a man's hand, for Rawley to put himself right with the literary world. In his "Life of Bacon" he could touch upon—lightly or severely—the "Life" that appeared in the "Histoire Naturelle" so many years before, and

which had about it such an intimate and inspired tone, and in many ways differed so much from the "Life" that Rawley had composed. Gilbert Wats, when he brought out in 1640 his translation of Bacon's "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," had spoken of this "Life" as "just and elegant." It was almost Rawley's duty now—to himself and the public—to show where Wats was wrong, and where "the noble Frenchman," as Wats calls him, had come short of, or exceeded, the truth in what he had said about Bacon. Rawley, in fact, was bringing out an authoritative "Life of Bacon," and in doing so, should, one would think, take the opportunity of correcting the errors of the "Life" previously brought out, and that had been so unreservedly accepted by the literary circles of the Bacon world. The more so when we remember that "the noble Frenchman," or "that shameless person," as we please to consider him, had pointed out, in no uncertain way, that he was better equipped with Bacon's original MS. than Rawley, and therefore not liable to a charge of inaccuracy where he differed from Rawley.

How, therefore, does Rawley deal with this "*Histoire Naturelle*"? I think one can hardly avoid being astonished when one finds that he says not a word about it. He passes it by as though it were non-existent. After reading Isaac Gruter's second letter to Rawley (that of 20th March, 1655), it requires no imagination to see that there had been a good deal of feeling stirred up, both on Gruter's and Rawley's parts, over "the Frenchman," and therefore one is the more surprised to find that Rawley had so completely suppressed all feeling as to be able to pass over the book in silence. It is a curious incident. However, thus it stands.

But there still remains to be considered Isaac Gruter's second edition of the "*Sylva Sylvarum*"

which he brought out in 1661.* In his letter to Rawley we have seen that he intended to repeat the objectionable words, and "with just severity animadvert upon them." When his book actually comes out, however, his indignation had all oozed away, and he merely mentions the fact that his brother, in his "Address to the Reader," had drawn attention to the "*Histoire Naturelle de M^{sr} Francois Bacon*," and had given a certain part of it translated from French into Latin. There is no quoting of the words, and no severe animadverting upon them. And from this he slips into a panegyric upon Rawley. Perhaps Gruter may have thought that if Rawley did not choose to defend himself, and expose the errors of the "shameless person," it was not for Gruter to do so. Or perhaps he had found, after looking into the matter more carefully, that "the Frenchman" was not so far wrong as he had imagined.

Here I recall to mind an apposite remark written in old seventeenth century French, in an old seventeenth century hand, on the fly-leaf of a copy of the "*Histoire Naturelle*" in the possession of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence.†

"Dr. Rawley and Isaac Gruter of Holland assert that the Translator of this History has added to it from his imagination, some things that were entirely absent from the English manuscript with which he was provided. But, it is easier to say this than to prove it; and if one reads carefully this Translation one can clearly see, it appears to me, that what there is in it more than in the English version published by Doctor Rawley, can only be from the Chancellor Bacon, and consequently that the Translator has been furnished

* "Fr. Baconis de Verulamio," "*Sylva Sylvarum*," etc. Amstodami, Ex Officina Elzeviriana, A^o 1661. 12mo.

† See "Bacon's Secret Disclosed," p. 73.

with a Manuscript more complete than that of the Chaplain."

All this that I have brought forward goes to prove, I think, that this "Histoire Naturelle" was a book of some importance in its day. The publication in BACONIANA of 1679 of the letter of March 20th, 1655, from Isaac Gruter that I have given, shows very clearly that neither Gruter nor Rawley approved of the book, and yet neither of them ventured to write against it publicly. It looks as though the book had backing and authority behind it much more powerful than appears from the names or initials prefixed to it on its publication. It remains still quite unsettled how this "Histoire Naturelle" was originally produced. Apparently, from the statements made, it was written by Bacon in English. Where is this English version? It is spoken of as though it were extant in print, and could be compared with the French translation. And neither Rawley nor Gruter either affirm or deny that there is such an English edition. There is nothing that can be identified with it in any of the contemporary lists of Bacon's works. Then there is the "Life" of Bacon prefixed to the "Histoire Naturelle" that shows a curiously intimate knowledge of Bacon's affairs, and that gives information about him that Rawley's "Life" did not give. Neither Rawley nor Gruter have a word to say about this. One would have thought that when Rawley had been so plainly flouted by the editor of the "Histoire Naturelle" in the "Advertisement to the Reader," that he, when bringing out his "Life," would have pointed out, if he could, where the "Life" of the "Histoire Naturelle" was wrong and misleading, especially as Gilbert Wats had called it "a just and elegant discourse" in his Preface to the "Advancement of Learning" of 1640. But never a word is there, publicly, from either Rawley or Gruter in disparagement of this

"Life," or in explanation of the original English edition of the book. The letters of Gruter that the editor of *BACONIANA* dragged to the light in 1679—long after the incident was closed, and Rawley had been dead for twelve years—show that a good deal of strong feeling had been evoked between Rawley and Gruter by the conduct of "the Frenchman," but for some curious and hidden reason both Rawley and Gruter seem to be restrained from coming out openly and showing where "that shameless person" was wrong. They quietly accept everything that he says, and have no answer to give. And evidently, from the MS. note written on Sir E. Durning Lawrence's copy of the book, the position of Rawley and Gruter had been openly talked about in literary circles, which would be all the more reason to look for some explanation from them when they came out in print. It is all puzzling, and, like so much connected with Bacon, has the air of mystery over it.

The part of all this that interests me most—and will, I think, be of value to the elucidation of the Bacon question—is that there is nothing done by Rawley or Gruter to detract from the "Life" attached to the "Histoire Naturelle." Neither of them ventured to say anything against that.

THE PLAYER IN RATSEI'S GHOST AND SOGLIARDO.

IN the present year there has been published, both in London and at Stratford-upon-Avon, a small book by Dr. Leftwich which, while professing to be a refutation of my books, "Bacon Is Shakespeare" and "The Shakespeare Myth," in reality forms so excellent a foil and frame for the facts and the arguments contained in my books that it is difficult to imagine that Dr. Leftwich's pamphlet was not written expressly for that purpose. Dr. Leftwich, on page 13, says: "The player in Ratsei's Ghost, and even Sogliardo, may possibly be meant for Shakespeare, whose prosperity naturally excited the envy of his fellow-writers, and, temporarily, even of quarrelsome Ben." In Ratsei's Ghost the reference is undoubtedly to Shakespeare, by whose example the stroller is told to learn "to feed upon all men and let none feed upon thee, to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy hart (heart) slow to perform thy tongue's promise." In other words, learn to be a cruel usurer, a miser, and a liar, in imitation of the Stratford gentleman. Ben Jonson, in his play, *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was first produced in 1599, when Shakespeare was permanently residing at Stratford, and had just succeeded in obtaining a grant of arms, puts forward a still more terrible indictment. The story is told as follows:—"Actus Tertius scena prima (third Act, Scene i.; in modern editions Act III., Scene iv.). Sogliardo, Punt, Carlo.

"Sog.—I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have ben so toil'd among the Harrots (meaning Heralds) yonder, you will not belieue, they doe speake i' the straungest language, and giue a man the hardest terms for his money, that euer you knew.

"*Car.*—But ha' you armes? Ha' your armes?

"*Sog.*—Y faith I thank God I can write myself gentleman now; here's my pattent. It cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

"*Punt.*—A very fair coat, well charg'd, and full of armorie.

"*Sog.*—Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it as you haue seen a coat haue. How like you the crest, sir?

"*Punt.*—I understand it not well, what is 't?

"*Sog.*—Marry, sir, it is your Bore without a head, Rampant.

"*Punt.*—A Bore without a head! that's very rare.

"*Car.*—I (aye) and rampant, too: troth I commend the Herald's wit; he has deciphered him well: a swine without a head, without braine, wit, anything indeed. Ramping to Gentilite. You can blazon the rest, signior? Can you not?

"*Punt.*—Let the word be, *Not without mustard*, your crest is very rare, sir."

(The above is taken from an extremely rare early quarto which is in my library.) Carlo Buffone is simply a Buffoon. Puntarvolo (who undoubtedly is Bacon) we are told in the list of actors "Over-Englishes his travels." Bacon's great work, the creation of an English literary language, appeared even to his foreman, Ben Jonson, to be over-Englishing everything. In Act III., Scene ii., Carlo Buffone calls Puntarvolo "a yeoman pheuterer." Pheuter or feuter was a rest or support for a spear, and in London there was a Pheuterers' Company. In the above scene we are informed that Puntarvolo's crest was a bore. Bacon's crest was a wild boar. Sogliardo (whom Dr. Leftwich admits represents William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman) is said in the list of actors to be

so enamoured of the title of gentleman that he is willing to pay for it. He is described as "an essential clown" (that is, a man who can neither read nor write). He is also described as brother to Sordido the miser (that is, that he himself is a miser, a fact which is also told us in Ratsei's Ghost). In the play, as quoted above, we see that Sogliardo speaks in rough, uncouth language as a clown, that his crest is a bore without a head (*i.e.*, that he is used as a pseudonym by Bacon), while Carlo says that he is, in fact, "a swine without a head, without braine, without wit, anything indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie." Punt (who is Bacon) confirms Sogliardo's identity with Shakespeare by saying "let the word (the motto) be *not without mustard*," W. Shakespeare's motto being *not without right*.

Moreover, Ben Jonson names the essential clown Sogliardo, a word so foul that it is gross flattery to translate it by so clean a word as "filth." After this is it possible that any person can for a moment suppose that Ben Jonson was referring to the "Sogliardo," the "essential clown," who could neither read nor write, when he speaks in eulogistic terms of the great author of the plays?

The Stratford myth is indeed dead, and all that Dr. Leftwich has succeeded in effecting is to drive an additional nail or two into the coffin of the "gentleman of Stratford-upon-Avon," and to confirm in the strongest manner the great truth that "Bacon is Shakespeare, the author of the immortal plays."

EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE.

Sept. 20, 1912.

FRANCIS BACON AS TREASURER OF GRAY'S INN.

GRAY'S INN is the ancient site of the manor of Portpoole—one of the Prebendaries of St. Paul's Cathedral still bears the name—and was owned, so far as land could be owned in the days of feudalism, by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's holding of the king, as it was said, in pure and perpetual alms. The Dean and Chapter let the manor at the beginning of the fourteenth century to the family of the Grays of Wilton, who were tenants at a rent for several generations. Subsequently the property passed into the possession of the Prior and Convent of East Shene, in Surrey, and was leased to "certain students of the law," already formed into the Society of Gray's Inn, at an annual rent of £6 13s. 4d. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Benchers of Gray's Inn became tenants of the Crown at the same rent as they had paid to the monks of Shene, and they continued to pay the same rent until the year 1733, when they bought the property for the sum of £180, and have since held it free from any payment of rent whatever.

The matter of rent is interesting, not only for the sake of comparison with the annual value of the property at the present day, but also because it appears to have been satisfied by a vicarious process of offering daily masses in the chapel on behalf of the soul of John, the son of Reginald de Grey. This duty was originally entrusted to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and lands were granted to them by way of recompense, but they found it more convenient to make an annual payment of £6 13s. 4d. to the Benchers of Gray's Inn to have the services conducted by the chaplain in Gray's Inn Chapel, so that the Society lived

practically rent free in consideration of the performance of this daily office.

Since Francis Bacon lived in the Inn, of course, many changes have been made. Chapel Court, where "Bacon's Buildings" stood, has been joined to Coney or Corner Court, and is now the quadrangle known as "Gray's Inn Square." The house, too, where Lord Macaulay lived, in Holborn Court, has made way for an enlargement of the library, and the name of the quadrangle has been changed to "South Square." The gardens, which were laid out by Francis Bacon, remain much the same, and contain the old catalpa tree which Bacon planted, although one must note with regret the removal of the summer-house, with its Latin inscription, which Bacon erected to the memory of his friend and fellow-bencher, Jeremy Bettenham. In recent years the Benchers have made extensive improvements. The chapel has been restored at considerable expense; trees have been planted in Gray's Inn Square; and the fine old brick-work which had been buried in dull plaster has been unearthed from the walls of the hall; while in South Square a grass lawn has been laid out, where a statue of Francis Bacon was recently unveiled.

Although in other respects the grounds and buildings of the old Inn are substantially the same, it is difficult to picture it now, as it was in Tudor times, standing alone in the fields with green hedges on either side of the lane leading to Kentish Town and Islington. It seems strange to think of the days when Lord Berkeley used to hunt his pack in the Gray's Inn fields, and draw the covers of Highgate, attended by his 150 liveried servants in their tawny coats; when each morning the field was mainly composed of eminent lawyers and great nobles and other members of the Gray's Inn Society. The time has long gone by since it was necessary for the Benchers to order that members of

the Society must not wear hats, top-boots, or spurs in the Hall; when the cut and colour of their coat, and even the length of their beard, was regulated by an order of the Benchers; when members were forbidden to stand with their backs to the fire in the Hall, or to be out after six o'clock in the evening; when they might not employ "laundresses" under forty years of age, and the officers of the Society were constrained to celibacy, with the exception of the steward, the butler, and the chief cook.

During the sixteenth century it was the custom at Gray's Inn to appoint two treasurers at a time, who held the office jointly for the same period. It was in Bacon's time that a change was made. Cuthbert Pepper was appointed sole treasurer in 1604, and held the office for four years. He was succeeded in 1608 by Francis Bacon, who continued sole treasurer until he was made Lord Keeper in 1617. From that time onwards, down to the present day, it has been the custom to appoint every year a treasurer, who takes precedence in Hall during his year of office, and presides at the "pensions" or meetings of the Benchers.

Bacon held the office of treasurer of Gray's Inn during two periods. First, in 1594, when he is mentioned as "one of the treasurers," though his term of office is not very clearly defined, and again in 1608, when he was Solicitor-General, he was sole Treasurer, and continued in the office for nine consecutive years.

The first treasurership, in 1594, was an important stage in his career, for it marks the transition from the private or contemplative life of the philosopher and poet to the active or public life of the lawyer and statesman. This distinction was ever present to the mind of Bacon, who divided his life into two parts—the contemplative life and the active life, and although biographers attach more importance to his professional and political career,

it was contemplations, dreams, and inventions for the benefit of the human race which dominated his thoughts and obsessed his mind. We see this over and over again in his letters and acknowledged works. In a letter to Bodley in 1605 he says :—

“I think no man can more truly say with the psalmist, ‘multum incola fuit anima mea’ (my soul has been a stranger in her pilgrimage), for since I was of any understanding I confess that my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I willingly acknowledge; and among the rest, this great one which led the rest, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than play a part I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind.”

That was the remarkable confession of a successful barrister in active practice as King's Counsel, who two years afterwards became Solicitor-General.

In his affectionate letter, dedicating his first little volume of Essays to his beloved brother Anthony in 1597, Francis writes : “I have preferred them to you that are next myself, dedicating them, such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof I assure you I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to those contemplations and studies for which I am fittest.”

Throughout Bacon's life the same idea prevailed, and even when he was raised to the Bench on his appointment as Lord Keeper he refers, in his speech in Chancery, to the trend of his personal inclinations :—

“The depth of the three long vacations,” he said, “I would reserve in some measure free for business of estate and studies of the arts and sciences to which in my nature I am most inclined.”

Even in legal and political treatises what might otherwise be dull and heavy matter becomes interesting for the picturesque phrasing, the delightful turns of fancy, and the poetic imagery, which characterise all Bacon's writings. His discourse on the "Union of the two Kingdoms," with its analogies to Nature, reveals the poet and the man of contemplations. He illustrates his theme with examples of the celestial bodies, the sun, the moon, and the rest, which have great glory and veneration; he refers to the appetites of amity in Nature, of the iron to adamant, of water falling to the centre of the earth, which, under pressure, will ascend, "forsaking the love to his own region or country." And in a passage dealing with the two conditions of perfect mixture in Nature one cannot help noticing the combination of similes which finds exact repetition in one of the Shakespeare plays.

Bacon says: "The second condition is that the greater draws the less. So we see when two lights do meet, the greater doth darken and drown the less. And when a smaller river runs into a greater, it leeseth both the name and stream."

The passage in the *Merchant of Venice* is as follows:—

Ner.—"When the moon shone we did not see the candle."

Par.—"So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a King until a King be by; and then his state empties itself as doth an inland brook into the main of waters."

The same characteristic love of similitude and imagery is apparent in Bacon's legal charges and political speeches, for he was equally master of the phrase which gives impression to the senses as of the logical argument which appeals to reason. His method of oratory was a matter of comment among the men of his time, and in the Lonsdale MSS. there is a record of "Notes in

Parliament" made in 1626, where a contemporary states :—

"Sir Francis Bacon used to introduce his matter by poetry and history. He was a man most elegant, though likened to a meteor."

The adoption of the legal profession by Francis Bacon was not due to choice or personal inclination, but rather due to the force of circumstances following upon his father's death. Originally, no doubt, it was the intention of Sir Nicholas Bacon that both the brothers, Anthony and Francis, should practise at the Bar, because on their admission as students at Gray's Inn in June, 1576, he placed them under a law tutor named Richard Barker. At that time, therefore, they were to pursue their legal training for the ordinary course of several years. But a few months afterwards there was a sudden change of plans; and Francis was allowed to abandon the legal profession in order to accompany Sir Amyas Paulet on his embassy to the French Court. They sailed on board the *Dreadnought*, under Capt. Biston, in the month of September, 1576, and Francis remained abroad for two and a-half years until the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon at the beginning of the year 1579. Then Francis returned to England and took up his residence in Gray's Inn in the set of chambers previously assigned to his father, and he occupied them during the remainder of his life.

From that time down to the year 1594—a period of fifteen years—this man of contemplations led the life almost of a recluse. He had a country house at Twickenham, where he stayed from time to time. He occasionally rode over to Gorhambury and visited his mother. He studied law, and performed the duties of a sort of Court Secretary without remuneration, drafting documents dealing with State affairs. He was also a member of Parliament, but in those days that made no

great claims upon his time. In other respects his life was private, devoted to study and contemplations and the production of works for the benefit of mankind. He was a man of tremendous industry, a great reader of books, and his memory was phenomenal. He lived among the ancients, as he tells us, and it is manifest from his writings that he had read and digested all the Greek and Roman literature. The importance of English books was then inconsiderable, but his knowledge of foreign languages enabled him to become familiar with the French, Italian, and Spanish authors. "After he had surveyed all the records of antiquity," says Gilbert Wat, "after the volumes of men, he betook himself to the study of the volume of the world; and having studied all that books possessed—his spacious spirit not thus bounded—he set upon the kingdom of Nature." His researches covered the whole field of history and philosophy, as well as of poetry, which he enthusiastically describes as "a dream of learning." He drank deep of the waters of Parnassus. To Burleigh he writes: "Not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honour; nor under Jupiter, that loveth business; for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly."

In a letter to Essex he asks his lordship not to conceive that in the matter of promotion he is "either much in appetite or much in hope. For as for appetite, the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of the Spa, that give a stomach; but rather they quench appetite and desires."

For fifteen years "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the children of men" was actively engaged upon "inventions" in the solitude of his chambers in Gray's Inn.

It was early in the year 1594 that Bacon's professional career practically began, when he made his

first appearance as counsel in a case in the King's Bench. On that occasion an observer calls attention to the fascination of "the unusual words wherewith he bespangled his speech," and adds that "certain sentences of his, somewhat obscure, and as it were presuming upon their capacities, will, I fear, make some of them rather admire than commend him." Until that year he had no practice in court, he held no office, and he occupied his time in studies which Bodley somewhat disdainfully described as being "unworthy of such a student." It has been noted in this connection that Bodley had contempt for the dramatic productions of his time, and he excluded from his library at Oxford such books as "almanacks, plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of unworthy matters." He adds, "Haply some plays may be worth the keeping, but hardly one in forty." Bacon's *debut* in the literary and artistic world was not as an author of philosophical works—for he published none in Elizabeth's reign, and even his first little volume of Essays was not published until 1597—but his inventive faculty was first revealed in connection with dramatic entertainments. His name did not appear as the author of plays, and even in modern biographies he is at first only credited with being a contriver of masques and pageants. In respect of the performances during his office as Reader in 1588 it has been suggested that the greatest master of the English language was merely the architect or designer of the dumb shows. But further examination and research has shown that this dumb orator—this invisible author—had a power of expression, and it is now admitted that he was responsible for the speaking parts in the dramatic performance or conference of pleasure provided by the Earl of Essex for the entertainment of the Queen on her anniversary in 1592.

Again in 1594, when "witty inventions" ran riot in

Gray's Inn Hall, the dramatic performances comprised in the "*Gesta Grayorum*"—of which some details will be given hereafter—are now recognised to be the work of Francis Bacon. There was another device or conference of pleasure in 1595 which for some reason or other has long been handed down as the composition of the Earl of Essex, but it has at last been proved to be Bacon's work—a fact which is abundantly clear from the identity of thought and forms of expression which are to be found in his acknowledged writings. These are only a few of the dramatic entertainments which are known to be composed by the invisible author, whose name never appears and whose dramatic authorship is comparatively a modern discovery.

Before our invisible author set to work upon inventions, devices, and conferences of pleasure, the masque, which was customary on occasions of festivity, was a stupid and witless performance. "These things are but toys," says Bacon in his *Essay on Masques and Triumphs*. But since they were an established form of entertainment for princes, he realised a demand for them which could not be resisted; and while he adopted the form, he entirely changed the manner of the performance. The artless pageant had been previously "daubed with cost." His compositions were "graced with elegance," or, as it is stated in the "*Gesta Grayorum*," "witty inventions rather than chargeable expenses." Music, scenery, colours and costumes, were studied by him for artistic effect. His close attention to detail in these matters led him to observe that "the colours that show best by candle-light are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green"; oes and spangs he recommends, "as they are of no great cost and of most glory; as for rich embroidery, it is lost and not discerned." "Let the suits of the masquers be graceful," he says, instead of the old-fashioned costumes

of Turks, soldiers, sailors, and the like. He would cut down the anti-masques, which commonly consisted of freaks, baboons, wild men, beasts, &c. It was a poor idea of humour, he thought, to introduce angels into comic scenes, while devils and giants were hideous and unfit. The changes he made in the customary masque are seen in the inventions or dramatic entertainments which he produced in Gray's Inn Hall. In the whole history of the Inns of Court there is nothing to equal the elegance and splendour of Bacon's entertainments.

No doubt there were ordinary revels at the Inns of Court each year during the festive seasons of Christmas and Shrovetide, but there is no record of dramatic performances at Gray's Inn since the year 1566, when the "*Jocasta*" of Euripides was performed in the hall, until Bacon's year of office as Reader in 1588. The position of Reader, we are told in Mr. Douthwaite's history, was one of considerable dignity and importance. He was expected to give great entertainments, involving a large expenditure, which fell entirely upon his own private means. Bacon was lavish in this respect, and the opportunity appealed to his imagination. He was familiar with the young gallants of Gray's Inn—among whom was the Earl of Southampton, admitted a student during the year of Bacon's Readership—and sympathised with their enthusiasm for dramatic entertainments. It is as Reader of Gray's Inn that he writes the letter to Lord Burleigh regretting the impracticability of a joint masque from the four Inns of Court, and informing the Lord Treasurer that Gray's Inn is furnished with gallant young gentlemen who are ready and willing to provide the entertainment. It was during his Readership that the "*Misfortunes of Arthur*" was performed before the Queen at Greenwich by the members of his Inn, and the year is further celebrated for the production of a "comedy" in Gray's

Inn Hall, and although both the name of the comedy and of its author are unrecorded, we know that the occasion was an important one, for all the dignitaries of the Court were present, including the Lord Treasurer (Lord Burleigh), the Lord Steward (Earl of Leicester), the Earls of Warwick and of Ormond, Lord Grey of Wilton, and other members of the nobility.

Then there is an interval of six years, with no record of dramatic entertainments, until 1594, when Bacon attains to the highest authority in his Inn as one of the treasurers. His period of office is distinguished for dramatic performances on a most elaborate scale. It marks the occasion when so-called "grand nights" were instituted for the entertainment of visitors. It is memorable for that unique invention—that fantastic creation—the extravagant burlesque known as "The Court and Kingdom of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole."

Apart from the actual productions at this period, we have some interesting evidence of Bacon's manner of working. From the MSS. in the British Museum we know that on the 5th December, 1594, Bacon was occupied in jotting down on loose sheets of paper memoranda of a very significant kind, which he called a "Promus of formularies and elegancies." It is not necessary to refer to these documents in detail. Their significance has been revealed to us through the enterprise and industry of both Mrs. Pott and Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. Their contents show that they are to a large extent notes made by an author for the purpose of reproduction in some work of imagination.

While Francis Bacon was engaged in this congenial occupation a pathetic incident occurred. A letter was brought to his chambers from his mother at Gorham-bury, in which Lady Anne writes: "I trust they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn."

No doubt the fond mother conjectured that the usual festivities would take place at Christmas, but she had no idea that her son was contemplating a programme of Christmas entertainment which was to eclipse in splendour anything attempted before. The plans of Francis were, in fact, so far advanced, that shortly after the receipt of his mother's letter the scheme was propounded to the Benchers, and with their approval it was resolved that the Christmas diversions should include the establishment of a royal court in Gray's Inn, with a mimic prince and counsellors.

Here was a theme after Bacon's own heart. A courtier from childhood, whom Queen Elizabeth had playfully called her "little keeper," who had spent two years at the Courts of the King of France and Navarre, and since his return to England had frequently been in attendance at Whitehall and Richmond Palace, was now to indulge in the humours of a mimic court in Gray's Inn.

HAROLD HARDY.

(To be continued).

THE "SHAKESPEARE" SONNETS.

PENDING a further and fuller exposition of my "new view" on the above subject, which I hope some day, with your permission, to furnish in your columns, but which ill-health and other causes have prevented my supplying in this number, perhaps I may be permitted to make a few remarks on some of the criticisms which have appeared of it in your July issue from the able pens of your valued contributors, Mr. Samuel Waddington and Mr. Theobald, both of whom, objecting, as I understand them, to my contention (which I beg here to repeat) that not one of the Sonnets—that is, *not one where the pronoun "thou," in any of its grammatical forms, is used*—is addressed to any individual

apart from the poet himself, any creature of flesh and blood, that is—adduce what they believe to be instances to the contrary of this, Mr. Waddington alleging that "there is no doubt that some of the Sonnets, including the first seventeen and the one hundred and seventh, were addressed to the Earl of Southampton," and both of them agreeing that Sonnet 57 was addressed to Queen Elizabeth.

Well, as to Mr. Waddington's confident assertion that there can be "no doubt" as to Southampton being the *Addressé* in the case of the first Sonnets mentioned, it would be sufficient, perhaps, for me to point out that in the little book of the Sonnets which I hold in my hand ("The Temple" edition, 1910), the writer of the Preface distinctly states that "all the world of scholars are still divided" on this point; but the point in Mr. Waddington's argument with which I wish to deal is not this, but his contention that, though it is incredible that such Sonnets could be addressed to such a *magnifico* as the said Earl of Southampton by "an obscure actor and former butcher's apprentice" (in which, of course, I agree), yet it is possible and even credible, as he thinks and avers, that they—these same Sonnets—could have been written to him by Francis Bacon, for, in my humble opinion, such a supposition is even more impossible and therefore more incredible than the other.

For granting (as we must, if these seventeen Sonnets are addressed to Southampton or any other such person) that the theme and object of them is what it is generally supposed to be—an invitation, exhortation or incitement to a young man "to marry and beget children"—children of flesh and blood, not of the brain—just for the purpose of continuing his race—it is quite possible to conceive the young man from Stratford, once "taken up" by the great man from some strange whim or other, undertaking, or trying to undertake,

such a rôle to the best of his ability, being, indeed, "just the fellow for it," considering his own exploits in that way in the neighbourhood he came from. But, to consider such a man as Francis Bacon capable of going through with it to the extent of seventeen Sonnets—Francis Bacon, "our Shakespeare"—

" . . . Soul of the age,

"Th' applause, delight and wonder of the stage," etc.,

sitting down deliberately to such a task and exhausting all the powers of his mind upon it, is to me at least utterly inconceivable. To my mind, besides being repulsive, there is an anti-climax involved in the idea, as startling as the street cry of the Oriental fruit-seller—"In the name of the prophet—Figs!"

But let me turn, with Mr. Waddington, to the Sonnet (107) in which he finds evidence to prove "that it was sent by Francis Bacon to Lord Southampton in 1603, when the latter was released from prison on the death of Queen Elizabeth."

Now I am not here going to deny that this may have been the *occasion* of the Sonnet and that the *references* therein may be as Mr. Waddington interprets them; but where, I ask, is the evidence that it was sent—that is, I suppose, addressed—to Lord Southampton? I confess I can see none. For who is the "thou" in the penultimate line of the Sonnet (I will not re-quote, trusting your readers have their copies by them) but Bacon himself, who, as stated two lines up, "will live in this poor rhyme" (as he calls it with unusual self-depreciation) and who in that same rhyme will find his monument

"When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass expire"?

Who else, I ask, could find a monument in his own lines but the man who wrote them, seeing that no other is mentioned?

But both Mr. Waddington and Mr. Theobald, as I

have said, are agreed that Sonnet 57 is addressed to Elizabeth, for does not the writer, as they remind me, in the sixth line say "My Sovereine"?

Why, yes, he does. But does every man when he says "My Sovereine" mean the queen whose reign he lives in? Indeed, I think not; for if I mistake not, "My queen," "My souveraine," are not uncommon terms of endearment used by poets even now, as well as in Elizabeth's time, to their lady-loves, and the lady, or imaginary being, whom the poet here addresses as his "soveraine," and for whom he "watches the clock" in his impatience to be with her, is no other than the one whom in the previous Sonnet he calls his Love—his "Sweet Love"; who else? Was Elizabeth, who had neglected him, likely to be addressed in such a term—Elizabeth, who was old enough to be (and by some, indeed, is thought to have been) his mother? Frankly, I trow not.

As regards Mr. Theobald's further remarks I would only ask to be permitted to say now that I am glad to find him saying that "on one important section of my argument" he has "anticipated" me, if by that he means he agrees with me; but I do not quite accept his "*alter ego*" as an equivalent for all I meant by Bacon's fanciful "dividing" of himself (in Sonnet 39), or his terms "self-communion" or "soliloquy" as sufficiently descriptive of Bacon's (or the poet's, whoever he may be) *dramatic* "talkings to himself," or parts of himself, personified, all through the Sonnets.

But, as I have thus replied to my kindly critics in BACONIANA, perhaps I may go on (though I did not originally intend to do so) and refer to one or two other criticisms which my "new view" has received outside its pages, and of these, if they represent, as I suppose they do, all that can be said against it on the "orthodox" side, I think I may at once say that I have every reason

to be satisfied. All that the *Athenæum* can apparently find to say against it is that while "certainly original" (which I take as a compliment, seeing the difficulty of saying anything fresh on such a thrashed-out subject), it is "odd and bizarre," though how anything can be odder or more bizarre than the present popular eugenic theory (if I may so call the advice-to-marry-and-beget-children suggestion) it is difficult to conceive. Moreover, it thinks that my theory is "not commended by the idea that Bacon was inspired by Hilliard's portrait to write the Sonnets," that being, I suppose, an idea too "original" to be accepted without due consideration. The *Athenæum* is cautious.

On the other hand, the *Daily Chronicle* is confident, and, after a good-natured reference to myself, launches forth into an eloquently-worded pen-picture of Shakespeare "as he is revealed to us in the Plays and Sonnets," as if that settled both me and my theory, whereas, though the writer does not seem to see it, his eloquent pen-picture of Shakespeare comes out as like to Francis Bacon as two peas (thus confirming my "theory"), and as unlike to the man of Stratford as any two things can possibly be conceived, except on one point, that being some "sensual fault" or weakness, introduced, evidently, to fit him as the author of the Sonnets, and to bolster up the popular legend of the Dark Lady, the remembrance of his amours with whom "filled him with sorrow and remorse"—sorrow and remorse or repentance, I forget which. But what signs of any of these feelings, I would ask, exhibit themselves in the life of the man of Stratford as we know it, though, apparently, he was a man of many "amours"?

Leaving the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, and those who agree with him in this dark and (I will not hesitate to say) disgusting interpretation of the Sonnets, to reply to this question, I should like to point out to Baconians

inclined to support this *personal* method of interpretation—substituting only Francis Bacon for the Stratford man—how impossible it is to do so without attributing to *him* also the same "sensual fault" or weakness (or, indeed, an even worse one, as one distinguished Baconian,* seeing this, but not the consequences, "preposterously," as I think, *did*), thus disqualifying him, in my opinion, for the authorship of the plays, almost as much as the other man. And it is the necessities attached to this "personal"—this flesh and blood—method of interpretation, and the repulsive deductions which logically attend it, that have led to so many of what its supporters contemptuously term "eccentric" theories being suggested—theories, that is, which for any living persons supposed to be addressed, would substitute mere *abstractions*, as that of John Abraham Heraud, some fifty years ago, who would see in the "Two Loves" of the poet the Roman and the Protestant Churches; and that of my friend, Mr. J. E. G. De Montmorency, who, writing in the *Contemporary Review* so late as last May, would see in the "Friend" (generally translated Southampton or Herbert) the symbol of "Life and Goodness," and in the "Dark Lady" the personification of "Death and Evil"—both, in my opinion, mistaken views, but showing, at least, a juster appreciation of the real character of the Sonnets than that which would "attach them," as Mr. De Montmorency aptly says, "to the love affairs of an Elizabethan courtier."

And this brings me to what I consider the real merit of my "new view," which is this—that while it frees us from that degrading alternative, as well as from the repulsive suggestions of the so-called procreation theory, and all doubts as to the procreator, and other unnamed

* The late Rev. W. Begley, in his otherwise admirable book, "Is it Shakespeare?"

and unidentified personages, so to speak, within the scope of the poems, it removes the difficulty presented by what I may call the "Abstraction" theory—a theory to which the form of address in the poems does not lend itself—by supplying in its place an imaginary entity in the person of the poet himself, or "part" of himself—an abstraction to which the poet himself can speak as to a separate individual, but which is no creature of flesh and blood—no Southampton or Herbert or such like.

A mere "abstraction," for example, could not be addressed in such terms as these—

"Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring," etc.,

as in the first Sonnet (or anywhere, indeed, all through the Sonnets where that pronoun occurs), whilst, regarded as the representative of the poet's *substantive* personality, it is at once intelligible and grammatically appropriate.

All the same, I regard the "Abstractionist" theories (if I may so call them) as much nearer to the truth than that of those who, whilst quarrelling amongst themselves as to the identification of impossible personalities, regard them, to use the phrase of Mr. Begley, as "eccentric." For though the poet is, as I contend, all through the Sonnets addressing himself as a personality, *he, himself*, when speaking of or to himself, regards himself as the embodiment of a certain "abstraction," which becomes "His Love," and this "abstraction," I venture to think, is summed up in one word—KNOWLEDGE, true knowledge, the sole object of his desire and devotion, to the "advancement" of which (as Bacon, I mean, of course) he dedicated all his life and all his energies. For what does "Shakespeare" say of "Knowledge"? It is "the wing," he writes (or one of them), "by which

we fly to heaven" (the other being Poesy—divine Poesy). And what says Bacon? "Without knowledge," he writes, "there can be *no good*—not even religion." It is to him *everything*—His Love—his only Love.

But the poet says he has "Two Loves"—one "of Comfort," and the other "of Despair," and these are what he calls, in another place, "the better" and "the worser" parts of him.

But are not these one and the same? I cannot but think so—nay, the poet, it seems to me, himself tell us so, for he goes on to say (Sonnet 144):—

"The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.

And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

What else, I say, can we gather from this than that the "Two Loves"—his "better and worser angels or spirits"—his "man right fair" and his "woman coloured ill," being "both from him"—parts of himself—are—contradictory as it may seem at first sight—one and the same—one and the same and yet two, and of those two, one apparently bad, the other good, and yet *both loved*, and not, as we should suppose, one loved, the other hated?

This is, indeed, at first sight, as I have said, an apparent contradiction, and not only that, but a tangle of contradictions. But they are, to my mind, only seemingly so. For the poet's "Two Loves," being parts of himself, are necessarily embodiments of the same "abstraction" as himself, which being, as I have suggested, "Knowledge," makes *them* also embodiments

of the same, and, therefore, objects of his love, his devotion, and his desire.

True, between his "Two Loves" there is a contrast. One is "a man right fair," his better angel; the other, his "worser sprite," a "woman"—not ill (or evil) be it noted, but—"coloured ill"—a distinction which those will understand who have read and *studied* that well-known but little-studied tractate yclept the "Colours of Good and Evil." There is, I say, this "contrast" between his "Two Loves," but there is no "contradiction," for they are still both of them his "loves"—not one the object of his love, the other of his hate. Neither are his two loves at variance with each other, as he plainly (or as plainly as his mysterious monologuing will admit) shows in the next Sonnet (145), being, as I have said, each and both, representatives or embodiments, or imaginary personifications of one and the same abstraction—to wit—"Knowledge"—*all* kinds of which, both good and bad, "Shakespeare" (like Bacon) had "taken into his province," and made the object of his life—his "Love," in fact.

Is this "strange," as the *Athenæum* says? Well, it may be, but I do not think it is either "odd" or "bizarre." For "Knowledge" was to "Shakespeare" (Bacon) much what the "muse" (or the Muses) represented to the sages of Greek philosophy, what the "Law" was to the "Psalmist" (or one of the psalmists; see Psalm cxix.), and, still more closely in its analogy, what "Wisdom"* was to Solomon, or the pseudo-

* Like the "Shakespeare" Sonnets, the "Song of Solomon" has been the subject of much controversy. The authorised annotations, contained in the Chapter Headings, describe it expressive of the mutual love of Christ and the Church. May it not be more nationally regarded as representing the love of some Oriental "Shakespeare" for "Wisdom"—the sole object of his affection?

Solomon of Hebrew tradition—his personal “Love,” the object upon which he lavished all his affections and exhausted all his vocabulary of passion. Amongst more modern poets, too, there may be found some analogies for the abstraction he created out of himself in the “Laura” of Petrarch, the “Beatrice” of Dante, the passion for “Light”—“More Light” of Goethe, and the animation of “Nature” by Wordsworth.

And this leads me to say, in conclusion, that amongst the not few letters of encouragement and approval which I have received on the publication of my first article on the above subject was one which supplied a further and very apt illustration of what I have endeavoured to convey in the last paragraph. It was one which, though brief, *sapit litteras*, and concluded thus :—

“I agree with you, ‘besseres Ich’ is the true solution—‘besseres Ich’ occurring in the line of the German poet Rüchert—

“‘Mien güter Geist, mein besseres Ich !’”

I thank my correspondent for that word, and think, with him, that, if it does not quite supply the solution, it suggests the key to it.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

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THE LOVE TEST.

SOME critics seek to settle the claim of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets by applying what Mr. S. R. Littlewood, in the *Daily Chronicle* of 20th July, 1912, called the Love Test.

The author, wrote Mr. Littlewood, of the plays and sonnets was “frank, sensitive, exuberant, lyrical, a passionate friend and lover, permeated with the sense of

beauty, responsive to every physical impulse, warm and human to the finger tips, . . . as incomparably rich in humour as in imagination."

Each and all these qualities, said Mr. Littlewood, are entirely antagonistic to the known character of the writer of the "Novum Organum" (1620), the "Advancement of Learning" (1605), and the "Essays" (1598, 1612, 1625). The dates are not given by Mr. Littlewood. His argument is that this writer of serious educational prose cannot consequently have written the tragedies and histories of the play folio nor the serious poems. *A fortiori* he cannot have written the comedies or the lighter verse. Against this view of the capacity of Francis Bacon may be opposed the opinions of the German historian Gervinus, the English poet Shelley, and the English novelist Bulwer Lytton.

But the personal testimony of Ben Jonson, Tobie Matthew, and Francis Osborn, all contemporaries of Bacon, absolutely destroys Mr. Littlewood's assumption. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to quote Ben Jonson as to Bacon's inability to avoid jesting whenever he had an opening. The man who at the age of sixty-five took pleasure in dictating the Apophthegms, a collection of some scores of amusing anecdotes, cannot be charged with not being "rich in humour." Unable to appreciate the Essays as compressed and aphoristic statements upon a variety of subjects, Mr. Littlewood termed the "Essay of Love" a "little page of sneers."

Well, let us examine this Essay, first printed in 1612, when Francis was fifty-two and had been six years married to his young wife.

"The passion of love hath its floods in the verie times of weakenes, which are great *prosperity* and great *adversitie*. . . . Both which times *kindle* love and make it more *fervent* and therefore shewe it to be the

childe of folly. They doe best that make this affection keepe quarter."

These propositions strike one as being correct and the inferential advice sound.

"For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself, as the lover does of the person loved."

"Neither doth this weakness appear to others only and not to the party loved but to the loved most of all *except the love be reciproque.*"

Is this the truth of the matter or is it not?

"For it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt."

Surely this is a fair and reasonable summing up of reciprocated and unreciprocated affection respectively?

The Love Test sets one enquiring whether Francis wrote his Essay from impersonal outward study or grounded it upon his intimate private experience.

Francis had at least two personal adventures with the passion called love. It so happened that one was at a time of great prosperity and the second at a time of great "adversitie."

Touring in France as a young man—of great parentage—he fell transcendently in love, so relates the biliteral cipher story, with the French king's sister, the beautiful Marguerite of Navarre.

This lady, though married to Henry of Navarre, had for years declined to go and live with her husband. A scheme projected by Francis that his own royal parent should help the lady to secure a divorce and then to be married to him was refused by the Queen and vetoed as impracticable. Moreover, the lady was fickle and turned to other and older admirers. Thereupon, as frequently happens with intense natures, his feelings rushed to the other extreme. Fortunately they are

recorded in print. As Euphues in 1580 Francis advocated the study of philosophy, or law, or divinity, supplemented by *contemptuous meditations about women*. As Immerito, also in 1580, he wrote for the March emblem of his "Shepherd's Kalendar :—

" To be wise and eke to love
Is granted scarce to God above."

Also—

" Of honie and of gaule
In love there is store ;
The honie is much,
But the gaule is more."

His second great adventure in love was in a period of "adversitie." Shortly after the death of his mother, Queen Elizabeth, he was alone in the world ; his hopes of the throne had been defeated, he had no fortune, his old opponent, Robert Cecil, was in power, and a jealous king occupied the throne. His only aids were a few good though powerless friends and his own mental dexterity. In this time of weakness and wanting companionship and sympathy he fell in love with and married a young girl named Alice Barnham. Her mother was the daughter of a tradesman who had supplied Queen Elizabeth with her dress silks. Her deceased father had been a rich City alderman. Her mother had re-married an old man, the rich Sir John Pakington. Alice and her younger sisters resided with the Pakingtons in the Strand or at Sir John's fine mansion in Worcestershire. Rawley tells us that "his lordship (Bacon) treated his wife with much conjugal love and respect."

Spedding is singularly silent as to Bacon's matrimonial career.

Beyond registering that Lady Bacon had a sharp tongue, he presumed a conjugal contentment and did not want to know anything different.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIX., at page 748, complained of this bolting of the door upon all enquiry into the matter.

The first hint of a possible rift in the lute comes from a letter of May, 1616, printed in Dixon's "Personal History of Lord Bacon." Lady Pakington had written to Francis to say that she (Lady P.) would receive his wife "if she be cast off." To this Francis returned a reproving reply.

The Gorhambury steward's cash account of 1618 rather indicates Lady Bacon's absence from Gorhambury (see Spedding's "Life and Letters," Vol. VII.). In the same volume there is reference to Bacon's household staff, and to another household staff with which he appears to have been associated, but which is not further explained.

According to Dixon, Lady Bacon had a private income of £220 per annum and Francis settled another £500 per annum upon his marriage to her.

Spedding made no comment whatever upon two remarkable passages in Bacon's will of 19th December, 1625.

The first is testator's reference to a rent which belonged to him, but had been set apart for his wife's better maintenance *while she lived at her own charge*, but which she had subsequently gone on receiving and which he therefore proposed to continue to her under his will.

Had Francis and his wife at one period lived apart from each other?

The second remarkable passage of the will is that where Francis, after giving certain important devises and bequests to his wife, utterly revokes and makes void—for *just and grave causes*—all his gifts and grants to her.

After his death, Lady Bacon is stated to have married

her gentleman usher. When she died in 1650, or 1656, her remains were not buried at St. Michael's, Gorham-bury, but in the chancel of Eyeworth Church, Bedfordshire.

Review of this chain of circumstance prompts the conclusion that the elderly husband's conjugal love and respect for his young wife did not meet with *reciproque*, but, *per contra*, with "an inward and secret contempt." If so, it was but natural that he should repeat in the 1612 "Essay of Love" the old saw—"that it is impossible to be in love and to be wise"—which he had quoted in 1580 after his first unhappy cross.

If these assumptions are correct, the essay which Mr. Littlewood called a "little page of sneers" is really a human document, the silent record by Francis, and quintessence of his own vale of love and tears.

From association with the comedy of the sexes at the English and foreign Courts, and from the depths of his own experiences, no man was better equipped to write of love as appears in the Shakespeare plays than was Francis Bacon.

But, when we pass to the Shakespeare Sonnets, a concordance of sentiment between the "Essay of Love" and certain of the last twenty of these beautiful poems arrests attention.

In his writings Francis never neglected those he had loved, nor those whose friendships he had valued. Through his pen he hoped to confer upon them a memory outlasting brass or marble monuments.

This man whom all who were great and good (said Aubrey) loved—this man who chronicled for the people only the felicities (most praiseworthy qualities) of his mother, the Queen, was not likely to neglect to chronicle all that was best and happiest, and yet silently all that was true in the course of his love for his young wife.

The Shakespeare Sonnets were printed in 1609, three years after the marriage. Sonnets 132 and onwards register Francis Bacon's love idyl and love troubles of his middle age. They tell the story of the deep affection that was not *reciproque*, but met by the party loved "*with an inward and secret contempt.*"

"Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain."—132.
"Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past my best."—138.
"Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside,"

is the beautiful and touching appeal of the old lover to his bride in Sonnet 139.

"Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain."—140.

In Sonnet 142 he wrote :—

"Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate—
Hate of my sin grounded on sinful loving."

Why he considered his loving sinful is recorded in the 129th Sonnet.

Well might Francis in his "Essay of Love" three years later affirm: "Those doe best that make this affection keepe quarter."

PARKER WOODWARD.

BACON IN ITALY.

(Continued.)

ONCE more let me draw attention to Professor D'Ancona's valuable edition of Montaigne's Journal (Città Di Castello, 1895). It certainly proves the English popular edition to be a bit inadequate. Montaigne's three first lines allude to facts and people of whom we know, and are meant to know, nothing; his fourth ushers M. D'Estissac upon the scene, most pointedly, who is not throughout the Diary spoken of as Count but plain M. or Signor. A foot-note by Querlon, the former editor, is re-printed: "Son of Signora D'Estissac, to whom is dedicated Chapter 8 of the Book, No. 2 of the Essays, intitled: The affection of Fathers for their offspring." At first sight this seems to favour the view taken by Mr. Hardy, p. 185, July BACONIANA, were it not that Professor D'Ancona adds his own note, in which he expresses some doubt as to the identity of the young companion of Montaigne.

"It is difficult to say who was Sig. D'Estissac, perhaps Carlo Signore of the Estate bearing that name in Perigord, Diocèse of Perigux, who, dying, left as his heiress his sister Claudia, married to a Larochefouscault." Perhaps! and perhaps not! If young Francis Bacon visited Catholic Italy with Michael D'Eyquem, he borrowed a good French surname. To use his own was obviously impossible. What more likely than that Amyas Paulet or Walsingham obtained from Henri III. and Catharine the safest introduction possible for the young diplomat for whom they were held responsible by the Queen, one which would the most effectually stifle buzzes and suspicion, and would also admit him on terms of friendship to Royal and Papal closets, as well as to public Audience Chambers.

France was not only well affected to England but anxious for stricter amity still ; Catharine was actually advising Elizabeth to cut the claws of Spain, and restrict his too far extending power within reasonable limits. Why should she and her son not help to carry messages political into Italy from Elizabeth ? Foreigners of distinction often adopted an assumed name when travelling ; still oftener when engaged in diplomacy. Jean Melvin De Sessac, doyen of the French Parliament, the good friend of De Thou, one who he says in his "Mèmoires" had been of help to him, was possibly of the same family. To lend the name of a son or nephew to one under Court protection for the good of France was not an impossible act for a member of a family devoted to the Throne. To the outside world of Italy Francis might easily pose as a member of this respected French family ; to those behind the scenes, as the Envoy of the Protestant Queen, desirous of travelling *incognito*. This is my hypothesis. If confronted suddenly by someone to whom he did not wish to make himself known he had only to thrust his thumb in his right eye, so as to make the blood flow, and ask us to believe the accident was caused by a too awkward lifting of his hat. Such an episode occurred the day Montaigne left Rome, 19th April, 1581. We draw our own conclusions. The preaching in Rome pleased him mightily, an art which Mrs. Pott has long believed Francis Bacon introduced through John Donne and others into England.

But we must leave Rome now and follow our traveller through Castel Nuova, and Borghetto, the castle of Ottavio Farnese, the old father of the Duke of Parma, through Otricoli, and Narni, whose very beautiful fountain, Church tapestry, and ancient rhymed MSS. (possibly old Provençal), interested him greatly. Here he made vain attempt to find certain earth of strange

property mentioned by Pliny. He loves Terni's beautiful wealth of olive trees, its fruit-covered mountains, and the road-making, "beautiful, grand and noble," of Gregory XIII. At Spoleto he is examined closely, less on account of the plague, from which Italy was free, as from terror lest Petrino, Italy's chief outlaw, might be lurking round. The valley is "the most beautiful plain between mountains that it is possible to see anywhere." His admiration elicits a foot-note saying Saint Francis was in sympathy with him in this.

In Macerata a Palazzina of free stone, squared and cut into diamond points, delights his architectural eye. Mignardi now, it was perhaps the work of the Carboni; it has three windows on each of its two floors, besides the ground one; so we learn from a note. "*Porta Boncompagno*" in gold letters is seen on the new gate of this town, following on to the roads the Pope repaired.

Loreto pleased him much. Pilgrims, rich and poor alike in weeds; some in procession with banner and crucifix, some alone, heralded the little fortified village close to the Gulf of Venice. From it on a fine day our author says the Slavonic mountains are to be seen across the Adriatic.

Knight, in his "Notes on the Shakespeare Plays," explains—

"A true-hearted pilgrim is not weary to measure kingdoms
With his feeble steps."—*Two Gent. of Verona*, Act II., Sc. 7,

by saying "That the House of Our Lady of Loreto was the great object at this time of thousands of pilgrims." And had the author of the plays not been brought face to face with those "true-hearted pilgrims" we feel he would hardly have been so ready with the pilgrim metaphor as he was. Three days were spent in close inspection of and sympathetic interest in the sacred House, the zealous priests, and

the "orisons," as he describes them, and the devotions of the earnest pilgrim worshippers. It is interesting to note his interest in Faith Healing, for he gives at length the true story, as he says, of a rich young Parisian with a great suite whom he knew in Rome, who, after having failed to be cured by all the surgeons of Paris and Italy was healed by a visit to Loreto a month or two before.

Ancona was reached Wednesday, 26th April, with its "very fine port, and large arch, built in honour of Trajan, his wife and sister. It was from here that the Red Cross Knights started for the Holy Land, and doubtless as our traveller looked at the blue waters from the Port he admired so much, his thoughts travelled further than Venice, which he says he could reach in a boat for six halfcrowns, further even than Sclavonia, which a ferry reached in eight, ten or twelve hours. He remarks on a great "foison" (a word he is very fond of) of quails, which they called down from on high by counterfeit cries into nets spread along the coast. These birds, he says, fly back across the sea in September. Did he write later on on bird winds, and did he chronicle "The aptness of birds is in their attention," and "Birds give more heed and mark sound more than beasts"? (Bacon's "Nat. Hist."). Bacon, in his "State of Europe," says: "The Duke of Urbin, Francesco Maria of the House of Roverè, the second of that name, a prince of good behaviour and witty."

Did Bacon meet him then? Where more likely than in Urbino, which, as he tells us, "was one of the Duke's seven reasonably fair cities." Four out of these Montaigne stopped at. "Senigaglia, a beautiful little city situated on a very beautiful plain," adjoining the sea, "but it has no antiquities." This thirst for antiquities is very Baconian. See "Essay of Travel": "Antiquities and ruins are to be seen and observed"; while young Sebastan, in *Twelfth Night*, most virtuously

suggests going to see "the reliques of the town" at the moment of his stepping ashore. Fossombrone's stone bridge, marble monument of Trajan's time, and the late Cardinal of Urbino's garden, are "sights that beguile his time, and feed his knowledge," just as Shake-Speare would wish. Vicentius Castellani, an elegant Latinist, a traveller and a man of letters, is interviewed, and a palace, "with nothing agreeable within or without," disappoints our fastidious critic, who has heard it extolled for its beauty. The Diary says: "The Princes of Urbino are a good race and beloved by their subjects." Bacon says: "There have been good princes and valiant of that house, not so great exactors as the rest of Italy, therefore better beloved of their subjects." The Diary might have been on Bacon's desk while he wrote his Political Tract, only it was not unearthed till 1774!

A life-size effigy of that Phoenix of earthly and heavenly wisdom, "*Picus Mirandula*" (as the Diary writes his name), was seen in Urbino. Bacon was evidently interested too in that family, for he speaks of the Princes of Mirandola and their mother. Sir Thomas More translated the young philosopher's life and letters, and considered him a saint, master of all knowledge, student of classic as well as Oriental lore, familiar with the Jew's and every other religion. "This bright and beautiful sunbeam," as Colonel Young calls him, in his "Notes on the Medeci," seems like a mystic Lombard forerunner of Francis Bacon. The effigy is described in the Journal as "a beardless youth of seventeen, pale-faced, very beautiful, with a longish nose, and soft eyes, scant of flesh, with blond hair to the shoulders, and wearing a strange dress."

The *Sepulcro of Asdrubale*, five miles away, he connects with a mysterious empty brick tower with one entrance, and twenty-five feet high, not with the high

hill pointed out. Like Picus he knew much. Passing through Florence he notes a religious procession of beautiful peasant women in good straw hats, white shoes, and scarves. Prato next, then Poggio, Villa of Lorenzo de Medici, where the Grand Duke's laboratory and mechanical operations were inspected, and the beauty of woollen bed-hangings, lined with taffeta, commented on. I infer he dined in the palace, for he says, "From the table views were had of Florence, Prato, and Pistoia." In the last-named city the whole party dined next day with Messer Taddeo Rospigliosi, who, on their return journey from Lucca, comes again to see them. I have thought Guido Reni's "Aurora" on the ceiling of the house of the Rospigliosi in Rome was inspired by Francis Bacon's life and work, so his friendship with Messer Rospigliosi I find specially interesting. While on the subject of painters, let me ask who *Francis Alban* really was, the friend of Guido Reni and Domenichino, who 1578—1600 painted the fascinating *putti*, real babies of flesh and blood, now in the Borghese Gallery in Rome, and emblematic pictures of the Golden Age in the Uffizzi at Florence. Our author, using French, calls Pistoia a "*poure ville*," a curious lapse into Middle English. Critics find Montaigne's French as full of Italian idioms as his Italian is full of French ones—not so remarkable if both are written by an Englishman.

Lucca was reached on Ascension Day, and its baths two hours later, the experience of which may have led to the Charter being granted to Bath by Elizabeth, 1590. In Lucca di Bagni was splendid copy for apothecaries and their shops—it bristled with them. The disused *Bernabò* spring was discovered by a leper, who, essaying it, was cured. Bladud, son of Lud Hudibus, a swine-herd (*i.e.*, an initiate), discovered the healing properties of Bath waters by the cure of his

leprous pigs 863 B.C. On Sunday, 21st May, our Monte Cristo entertained a hundred guests at his ball, the first of the season. They included all the quality staying at the baths, as well as the *contadini*, very busy about their great annual silkworm harvest. Dancing, to five pipers, began on the terrace, which, too cold, was soon exchanged for the hall of the Buonvisi Palace. After supper prizes were awarded, not only for the best dancing and the greatest beauty, but for the most charming manners and *tout ensemble* of the peasant guests. Cinctures and caps, aprons violet and green, pins, shoes, crystal nets and necklaces had been sent for from Lucca, and first pendant from a ribboned hoop were presented to many happy prize-winners. "In truth," says our author, "it was a beautiful and fair sight to see peasants so graceful, dressed like gentlefolk, and dancing so well." He says the supper, to which everyone was invited, was a very light repast—only slices of veal and a few pairs of fowls. "The most excellent specimen possible" of an *Improvisatora* was Divizia, a poor and ugly *contadina*, who made verses in elegant language on the gods and their wisdom, making many, too, in her host's honour. He finds her poetry "only rhyme," and says that her uncle, "a student of Ariosto and other poets, read them to her who could neither read nor write."

A great man of Lucca presented Montaigne on leaving with a "beautiful present, a horse laden with beautiful fruit." Early figs, fine peaches, lemons, and oranges of an extraordinary size, came from others. Peasant men and women, on June 21st, the day he left, came to "take their leave with every expression of love and good will that could be desired," showing how beloved our traveller was. Stopping at Pistoia on the way, Friday, the 22nd, the great festival of St. John, found him in Florence. The city was gay with a

mystery play of St. George and the Dragon, pomps, chariot races (whose antiquity pleased our traveller much), and a race of Barbary horses won by Ferdinand de Medici. We have another description of the cryptic Etruscan Chimera in the Pitti Palace, and one of the bas-relief of the famous mule in the *Cortile*. A Bacchanalian dance of peasants took place on Saturday in the Grand Duke's Palace, when everything was thrown open, so that for this festival, at least, they might imagine their lost liberty regained. On Monday the self-sufficient gentleman, Silvio Piccolomini, entertained our author at dinner, "famous for his efficiency, particularly in fencing." Silvio, who, as I have already said, I hold to be the original of both Osric in *Hamlet*, and the Prince of Arragon in the *Merchant of Venice* (see July BACONIANA), disparaged before the assembled company the whole art of fencing as practised by Italian masters, praising only one of his own creation in Brescia. He particularly deprecated the use of the thrust which puts the rapier into the power of the enemy. Other quaint technicalities of Silvio follow, closing with this remark: "That the most excellent furnisher of fortifications was then in Florence, in the service of the Grand Duke *Serenissimo*." Silk-spinners were visited in their shop, and the casino of the Grand Duke revisited, where a wonderful pyramidical rock of minerals, welded together, spouted water, and exhibited within water-mills, windmills, church bells, soldiers on guard, animals, and a hundred other moving objects. A weird performance to be described "as the most important thing there"! Dinner at Pratolino, the Duke's country palace, was fraught with pleasure. Friday saw the purchase of eleven Italian comedies. Was the *Inganni del Secchi* one, from which (published in 1562) *Twelfth Night* was partly drawn? Boccaccio's will was seen, and our author comments "on the

poverty into which that great man fell, who left beds and beddings to his parents and sister." Was Boccaccio's will the model of Shaxpur's, I wonder? On the 2nd of July our nature-lover passed poppy-covered plains, "the most famous in Tuscany," on his way to Empoli. At Pisa he found the University closed for three months. He takes the trouble to tell us *buonissimo* Comedians were there, the *Disiosi* (one of the oldest theatrical companies of Italy). At this point he tells us he took a beautiful private house, "with four reception-rooms and a fine Sala"—suggesting, perhaps, dramatic entertainments. Twenty-four days were spent in Pisa, of which he says, "With certain artists and merchants here I have transactions." The Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistry, and particularly the *Campo Santo* delighted him. No other city in Italy "contains such sacred relics nor marble and stone works of art of such size and admirable workmanship."

With regard to the many "grave men of Pisa," see my Notes in BACONIANA on the *Taming of the Shrew*. An episode showing our author's partiality for Comedians took place on 17th July, when he won a lottery, not entered into for money, but for property belonging to the *Fagnocola* Company of Players. This seems to have been a favourite amusement among Italian actors of that day. So here in Pisa theatrical entertainments were once more on the *tapis*. He visited Lucca again for three weeks, seeing and supping with many friends, and perhaps gaining inspiration from the wonderful marble tomb of Illaria di Caretta, by Quercia, in the cathedral, though he does not mention it. I cannot help connecting the lines in the last act of *Romeo and Juliet*, beginning "Sweet tomb," with Quercia's beautiful recumbent figure of a young wife, in her Tuscan dress, and her cryptic ring of lovely winged *putti* and their wreaths of fruit so accurately described

in the words, "The circuit which does contain the perfect model of eternity"; while the line, "Fair Juliet, that with the angels dost remain," also is perfectly expressed.

Juliet's supposed tomb in Verona is but an empty trough, and as Quercia was not unknown nor unloved by our author, it is quite likely that he who I believe was the author of *Romeo and Juliet* may have obtained some definite impressions from Lucca's *chef d'œuvre*. The lines quoted only occur in the text of Johnson, Steeves, and Reed. Who interpolated them, I wonder? They are not in the 1623 folio. Some pen that knew Quercia's tomb for the original of "A grave? O no, a lantern." Yes, a lantern to those who see.

At Bagni di Lucca he stayed another month to cure his migraine, which Bacon suffered from always. A week at Lucca, two days at Siena, then Viterbo, and Capratola, Cardinal Farnese's palace of art, in which his own suite of apartments was painted by the brothers Zucarri. Next a week in Rome, where a trick-rider in the baths of Diocletian performed wonders with the Turkish bow mentioned by Shake-Speare and Bacon. The French Ambassador drove him to the sale of the late Fulvio Orsino, the art collector mentioned by Anonimo. Cardinal de Sens drove him to S. Giovanni e Paolo. We are told he was the patron of "its Friars who distilled perfumes and medicines." Their chief, we know, was that past master in drugs Fra Paolo Sarpi. He left Rome October 15th, reaching Milan by Piacenza and Pavia. The Duke of Parma was in Piacenza, and that may have had to do with our Envoy leaving Parma unvisited. Farnese was in negotiation with Elizabeth. Gian Galeazzo Visconti's marble sepulchre in the "beautiful and famous Certosa," its lovely cloister, and his marvellous Castello, all attracted our traveller. Milan he calls "the most populous city

of Italy, and not unlike Paris." He left it October 28th for the Mont Cenis *via* Leghorn and Turin. He crossed it partly on horseback, partly in a *chaise à porteur*.

Where the diary says "*Ici on parle Français*" I end my task, promising those who will read, mark, and digest it *en gros* a true revelation of Bacon in Italy.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND BACON.

IT is a curious fact that when a man is becoming convinced that opinions which he has held and expressed are unfounded he has a tendency to lose his temper and vent his wrath on those whose opinions, opposed to his, he realises are true.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is suffering from a very bad attack of irritation, one of the results of which is the announcement by him that "A new figure is forming and beginning to take the stage; the anti-Baconian." In the "Eye Witness" for September 12th, nearly two pages are devoted to words written by him to proclaim the new arrival. There are times when he can write reasonably, but he now indulges in wild, hysterical denunciations of people which only exist in his imagination, and of opinions which nobody holds. Mr. Chesterton would be well advised for the benefit of his own reputation if he left Shakespeare and Bacon alone. He has previously expressed his opinion of Shakespeare in the following terms:—"I am a journalist. So was Shakespeare a journalist, as well as a genius; he was a Fleet Street sort of man. And when the Baconians say, 'How could he have known this or that detail in law and hunting?' I answer that it is exactly one or two details of horse racing or gunnery that I do know. I forget where I heard them, and so did Shakespeare." Now that Mr.

Chesterton sees that public interest is being awakened in the life and works of Francis Bacon, instead of confining himself to chastisement and condemnation of his poor fellows whose only crime is that they are diligent searchers after truth, he makes a series of charges, direct and by implication, against him who was described by Hallam as "the greatest and wisest of mankind." It would be waste of time to follow Mr. Chesterton through his wild, incoherent ramblings. But it may not be amiss, for the sake of accuracy, to canvass some of the unfounded statements which he has made with reference to Bacon. It is evident that he writes in complete ignorance of the man and his works. He has read "one or two details"; he forgets what they are and where he heard them, but seeking to imitate Macaulay in his "breathless essay" he reproduces something which is quite different to what he did hear, assuming that by adopting Macaulay's doubtful method he may achieve his brilliancy. But the squib is damp. Mr. Chesterton says of Bacon "that he never betrayed himself; it was a luxury he reserved for his benefactors. In plain words, he had nothing of the fool but a little of the knave." To attempt to combat this opinion would be waste of time. To state it is sufficient.

Here is the paragraph in which the statement occurs:—

"On the Baconian thesis it does seem very extraordinary that Bacon should have chosen a tipsy rustic to represent him to the world; so that to make so great a fool of Shakespeare is to make an even greater fool of Bacon. Such a Shakespeare would certainly have betrayed himself, but Bacon never betrayed himself; it was a luxury he reserved for his benefactors. In plain words, he had nothing whatever of the fool but a little of the knave. To this the Baconians give the most bewildering answers, one of which I saw in *BACONIANA* (I think) some time ago. The writer said warmly that Bacon owed no thanks and violated no gratitude to Essex, because all their contemporaries agreed that Essex had

done his protege more harm than good by the tactless, monotonous and ostentatious way in which he pestered everyone with his praise. This strikes me as perhaps the most remarkable and unfathomable argument I have ever heard or read. As far as I can make it out it seems to amount to this—that I may very properly make arrangements for having a friend hacked through the neck-bone if he praises me more enthusiastically than I should think it prudent to praise myself."

Mr. Chesterton is here quoting from memory what he pleases to call an answer (to what?) which he *thinks* he saw in BACONIANA, but which he has never seen in that journal or elsewhere, and endeavours to reproduce "the brilliant effect of Macaulay's breathless essay." It is to this that he probably alludes:—An extract was given from Thomas Bodley's Autobiography wherein he explained that his withdrawal from State employments in which he had been engaged was brought about by the Earl of Essex's action. Essex endeavoured to detach him from the Cecils. He adds: "To win me altogether to depend upon yourself, did so often take occasion to entertaine the Queen with some prodigall speeches of my sufficiency for a Secretary, which was ever accompanied in the words of disgrace against the present Lord Treasurer, as neither she herselfe, of whose favour before I was thoroughly assured, took any great pleasure to prefer me the sooner (for she hated his ambition and would give little countenance to any of his followers) and both the Lord Burleigh and his Sonne waxed jealous of my courses, as if underhand I had been induced by the cunning and kindnesse of the Earl of Essex to oppose myself against their dealings." It is evident that Bodley thought that Essex's championship of his cause was not disinterested. Bodley's case and Bacon's case are almost identical, except that Bacon and his brother had given years of service to Essex without payment, and Essex sought to meet his obligations to

them by obtaining the post of Attorney-General for Francis. Bacon never betrayed Essex. He strove in season and out of season to save him from himself. The Earl was following other councillors, and after his trial and sentence sent for Henry Cuff, to follow whose rash councils he had forsaken Bacon, and upbraided him for being the cause of all his misfortunes. Mr. Chesterton's memory plays him as false as to the facts as it does as to quotations from BACONIANA. The following extract from the article is even more Chestertonian :—

"At first sight there seems nothing so sane as Bacon, and nothing so mad and mystical as Baconiana. I am not sure the contrast is so deep as is supposed. I have a curious suspicion that all the tangled tree of extravagance really is dormant and implicit in the seed of Lord Verulam's philosophy ; that out of that smooth and symmetrical egg there really came the wild goose we chase to-day ; the wild goose which Ibsen mistook for a wild duck ; the wild goose of modern doubt and query, always wild, often great—a great goose indeed. Bacon is having his legend. Bacon is becoming a god—a god of signs and sorceries and all superstition. And the great philosophy he founded is ending in the apish antics of vivisection and eugenics."

Again the loose and wild parade of words, *sans sense*, by the Fleet Street journalist.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." Mr. Chesterton goes on to say, "Or making full allowance for the mere mood revolt and fatigue in myself, I think I am seriously an anti-Baconian ; I think that Bacon has been for English thought and civilisation a frustration and a blight."

It seems almost cruel to print such a statement, but the following paragraph is still more ridiculous :—

"The brilliant effect of Macaulay's breathless essay depends on depicting Bacon as a monster of inconsistency, a misadmixture like a merman ; above, in thought, he is as pure and graceful as a god ; below, in action, as cold and fugitive as a fish. I think Macaulay is unjust to Bacon here ; I think Bacon was quite con-

sistent throughout. He was, indeed, a man of exceptional completeness and unity ; in this, the true sense, we may call him a man of absolute integrity. He was always the same. He was as flawless as a diamond, as full and perfect as a lily. He was vulgar and shallow in philosophy. In moral practice he sought what even he would have called honours rather than honour ; in moral theory he aimed only at what he called fruit, but what was indeed payment. His utilitarian idea was as much a fall from the true "fruit" philosophy of the mediæval mystics as his political conduct was below the chivalry of Bayard or St. Louis. I do not see the two men of Macaulay. I think the man who fawned on Villiers was exactly the same as the man who despised Plato. And I am not at all surprised that the same individual who set himself higher than St. Thomas also set himself lower than King James."

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Chesterton's article appears to be directed less against the Baconians than against some political opponents of the writer. But more curious and incoherent reasoning has seldom been printed :—

"The truth is that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, though senseless, is symbolic. That is the only possible way of explaining the plunging rage with which the wild waves of Baconiana break themselves about Shakespeare's cliff. What on earth does it matter—we all feel when we consider it coolly—whether a mass of sublime poetry, almost as anonymous as Homer, was written by a dead actor or a dead lawyer, neither of whom we shall ever know ? Why should the Baconians boil with abhorrence of poor Will from Warwickshire ; why should I be tempted, even as a *reductio ad absurdum*, to retort upon Mr. Bacon of the Inns of Court ? The only explanation I can offer is that this futility, like many other futilities, has been filled with energies fiercer and more evil than itself. All those who instinctively feel a preference for certain traditions in England over others ; all those who trust science more than art, or experiment more than intuition, or record more than memory—all these tend to be Baconian. These people persecute the festive foibles of the 'drunken clown' of Stratford, just as their police also persecute the festive foibles of the drunken clown all over England. These people whitewash

the wrinkled wickedness of the Tudor statesman and courtier, just as they whitewash the yet meaner wickedness of our own statesmen and men of power to-day. The mad duel between Bacon and Shakespeare, infantile as a matter of past history, is really significant and menacing as a part of contemporary history. For contemporary history consists of the one tradition trying the other ; and when we look at England we see a dingy court of justice ; in the dock the divine and half-discredited poet ; and on the Bench, condemning him, the unspotted and unjust judge."

If this is the kind of stuff which the readers of "The Eye Witness" like, well—this is the sort of stuff they like.

Obituary.

WITH very deep regret we have to record the death of Dr. Isaac Hull Platt, which took place at his home in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, on the 15th August last.

Dr. Hull Platt has been in a precarious state of health for some years, and for some time had been unconscious before death ensued. He was born in Brooklyn on the 18th May, 1853. After being admitted to the Bar, studied medicine. He graduated in the Long Island College Hospital in 1882, and practised in Brooklyn for a number of years. He then removed to Lakewood, N.J., where he made a speciality of the diseases of the lungs. Ten years ago he retired from active practice, and removed to Wallingford. He devoted the last ten years of his life entirely to literature ; he wrote the "Life of Walt Whitman." He was a literary associate of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, and was his friend and neighbour. While the tastes and pursuits of the two men were almost identical, their views on Shake-speare differed greatly. Dr. Furness occupied himself in searching old volumes and gathering illuminating information concerning the bard, but Doctor Platt concerned himself chiefly in following the Baconian theories, and was a firm believer in the opinion that the great dramas were written by Francis Bacon under the name of William Shakespeare. Dr. Platt has published several books on the subject ; he has been a constant contributor to *BACONIANA*, and his articles have always been received with great attention.

He was a grand-nephew of Commodore Isaac Hull, who

commanded the frigate *Constitution* on her most memorable voyages. At the time of his death he had in his house many of the trophies of the famous sea fighter.

Dr. Platt left a widow and two sons to lament his loss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I do not wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Hutchinson's paper on the Shakespeare Sonnets, but I am unable to concur in the view that the theory advanced by him is novel. In 1908 I sent to BACONIANA a paper entitled "Leontes Heir," which was not published, but which I suppose is still among your files. In this paper the theory in question is pointed out, not so much on account of the theory itself as because of certain analogies in the plays. I do not think I took any particular credit for novelty in the theory, the interest of the paper, if any, being somewhat apart from the theory, or, at least, I so intended it. While I do not now recall any specific prior announcement of the theory, yet it seems to me that it is not new, and in any case it appears to me so obvious as hardly to rank as a discovery. A few lines from my paper follow :—

"I suppose there is no person now, no student, at least, who doubts that the Sonnets have reference to the author, and to his genius, his art, and his writings. I speak of the Sonnets generally, for I do not think that all of them have yet yielded their meaning. But taking the first hundred and twenty-six, I think there is no doubt. . . . The groundwork and philosophy of the Sonnets cannot be said to be very original. . . . They are the intimate record and journal of a man conscious of a great gift, with a literary prescience beyond all parallel, and a full and haunting sense that life is short and art long. Therefore he urges himself to make use of his talent before the night come in which no man can work. This is varied with admiration of his work. . . . The author desires an 'heir.' I think no one is so obtuse as to suppose that this is a physical heir. What he wants is an heir of his 'invention,' a spiritual heir, the offspring of his mind and soul. . . . Shakespeare realised that life is short, that we should make the most of our talent while we may. The lesson is trite enough. . . . He speaks of himself, of his genius, of his work ; addressing it as his master, his mistress, his 'lovely boy.' (Quotations.) That this has reference to the author and his work no one can doubt. He says so himself." (Quotation) etc.

Very respectfully, C. G. HONOR.

August 19th, 1912.

The Sonnets of "Shakespeare."

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Assuming for the nonce the correctness of Mr. Smedley's hypothesis as to the *motif* of the Sonnets, but aware of the rather baffling *variety* of cases it has to meet successfully, I suggest a reconciliation may be found to account for the different sorts of personalities, age and sex therein exhibited, by concluding that, having adopted the line of expressing the many-sided nature residing within the compass of his "intellectual globe," that he resorted to the use of the great types of mind already created by the Greek poets he was so fond of, such as Eros, Psyche, Orpheus, Apollo, Venus, the more thoroughly to express *himself*, and explain, analyse and exhaust the rich floods of feeling, aspiration, consciousness of a higher life and mystical relations with a beyond, yet never becoming maudlin or hysterical, but retaining, as ever, his strong grasp upon fact and self-possession.

H. J. HADRILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—There seems to be evidence that Francis Bacon was sent on a secret errand by Queen Elizabeth by this letter from Francis to his (*supposititious*) uncle, Lord Burghley, 16th September, 1580, from Gray's Inn, which may quite easily have been written on 16th August, and mis-dated for political reasons.

The letter begins by expressing his satisfaction at Burleigh's "comfortable relation" of her Majesty's "gracious opinion and meaning" toward him; he trusts that he may be able to serve him as well as his "father" has done before him—and then, as usual, proceeds to disparage his own abilities for the work. "True it is that I must needs acknowledge myself prepared and furnished thereunto with nothing but a multitude of lacks and imperfections." But he devoutly prays that by God's blessing he may receive a larger allowance of God's graces.

"And now seeing it hath pleased her Majesty to take knowledge of this my mind and to vouchsafe to appropriate me to her service preventing (forestalling) any desert of mine with her princely liberality,* he sends his most humble thanks to her Majesty therefore, and withal having regard to my own unworthiness to receive such favour and to the small possibility in me to satisfy and answer what her Majesty conceiveth, I am moved to become a humble suitor unto her Majesty, that this benefit also may be affixed unto the other, which is that if there appear not in me such towardsness of service as it may be her Majesty doth benignly value me and assess me at—by reason of my sundry wants, and the disadvantage of my nature, being unapt to

* So he was handsomely paid—beforehand—for what?

lay forth the simple store of these inferior gifts which God hath allotted unto me most to view—yet that it may please her excellent Majesty not to account my thankfulness less, for that my disability is great to show it, but to sustain me in her Majesty's gracious opinion, whereupon I only rest, and *not upon the expectation of any desert to proceed from myself towards the contentment thereof.*"

He then concludes with renewed thanks to Burleigh for his good offices and declaring himself Burleigh's bounden servant . . . "*seeing that public and private bonds vary not,*" and that his service to God, the Queen and Burleigh "draw in a line."

Yours truly, ALICIA A. LEITH.

Bacon's Essay on Proteus.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—The writer of "Bacon in Italy" has done such splendid instructional work in the past that I am very loath to point out an omission in her last article.

A sentence runs:—"Who and what is Proteus? Of Proteus we hear nothing in Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients.'" Now, as a matter of fact, in at least one edition, Chap. XIII. is entitled "Proteus or Matter." It begins thus:—"The poets say that Proteus was Neptune's herdsman, a grave sire, and so excellent a prophet that he might well be termed thrice excellent; for he knew not only things to come but even things past, as well as present. . . . The place of his abode was a huge, vast cave. . . . This fable may seem to unfold the secrets of nature and the properties of matter." It is fairly evident that what Bacon terms "matter" the modern philosopher and psychologist would call "substance," for the author further says: "Matter dwells in the concavity of heaven as in a cave."

Yours faithfully, HENRY WOOLLEN.

112, Coldershaw Road, West Ealing, W.,
August 5th, 1912.

Augustus in Hat.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

No, Sir; I was not making fun of *your*, but trying to show that Ben Jonson *was* of *his*, readers. Mr. Waddington's dissertation, learned but not new, is proof that not every Baconian can appreciate the jests and double meanings of Bacon and his merry men.

A full reference to the passage in Seneca would have been useful. All one gets from Tacitus is that Augustus wished a

spoke to be put in the wheel of the senator's chariot. Now I see. Augustus in Hat, of course, means not wearing but sitting on it.
Yours faithfully, PARKER WOODWARD.

NOTES.

MR. FRANK J. BURGOYNE sends the following interesting note :—

In 1584 Giordano Bruno published his work entitled "De la Causa, principio et uno." It bears the imprint "Slampato in Venezia." In 1584 his work entitled "Spaccio de la Beslia trionfante" was published with imprint "Slampato in Parigi." Both of these imprints are false, for Bruno states in the eleventh document of his trial, "All those (books) said to be printed in Venice were printed in England, and it was the printer who desired it to appear they were printed in Venice, in order to sell them more easily . . . and almost all the others were printed in England, even when they say Paris and elsewhere."

For the past four years Mr. Harold Bayley has been engaged on a work which will be forthwith published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of Covent Garden. The title is "The Lost Language of Symbolism. An enquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy tales, folklore and mythologies." The book contains 1,400 illustrations and is published in two octavo volumes at 25s. net.

Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence has recently delivered lectures on the Shakespeare Myth to large audiences at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, and the Chelsea Town Hall.



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